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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

HUMAN LIFE, a Poem. By Samuel Rogers. London 1819. Small 4to. pp. 94.

Human life—a trite but interesting subject to human beings; a subject inexhaustible, and which has exhausted every species of intellectual intelligence; a subject upon which nothing new can be said, and much of what is old may be repeated, to the delight of mankind, if repeated well. Such is the theme adopted by Mr. Rogers for a poem, the extent of which is a sketch of one view of the great drama that is designated, rather than a grand outline of the many and important aspects it presents to the philosophical mind. In this sketch the pencilling is beautiful, the conception refined, the design pleasing, upon the whole—the execution elegant, and the general feeling of an admirable tone. We cannot look upon it without recognising an amiable disposition in the artist; a sensibility of the purest order, alike removed from the confines of mawkish sentiment and of hard unkindness: a heart touched with the ills of life and the griefs of other men, seems to speak in one or two of the most affecting passages descriptive of the death of beloved objects, and the ideas of the writer are expressed with a simple though polished pathos, which claims and ensures a corresponding emotion.

The impression made upon us by the perusal of *Human Life* is that of an agreeable melancholy. There are parts which excite deeper sensations; but the general tendency is of this delightful cast.

As mere readers we should offer no other opinion upon the merits of this production; but as bringing it critically before the public, we are bound to enter a little more into detail. The extracts which we shall add to these brief remarks will prove that the highest degree of admiration is due to many felicitous effusions which it contains, especially to those pourings out of soul which sympathy has attuned to the misfortunes or woes of fellow creatures. Throughout the poem the style is tender, and far above the level of undistinguished verse. The pictures are almost invariably clearly defined, though in one or two instances we are at a loss for the author's precise

VOL. III.

meaning, and his language is involved in an obscurity which the slightest grammatical alteration would probably elucidate. The rhythm is very musical, and the rhyme, taken altogether, good. We do not dislike the occasional change from the regular heroic measure to triplets, nor to the line with a trochaic close; but in so short a poem (not exceeding 600 lines) there is an objectionable recurrence to the same terminations; and the use of one word, in itself neither poetical nor called for by the sense of the passage, we must notice as the principal critical blemish of the composition. We allude to the pronoun '*there*,' which, though nothing better than an expletive in three out of the four places in which it is employed, serves as a rhyme for about a dozen of times. '*Then*' is also impressed into the same service, and the conclusion in *ire*, for example, fire, require, admire, desire, &c. &c. &c. occurs so often, as to produce an idea of sameness. In short, while acknowledging their correctness, we may complain of the want of variety in the rhymes.

But without dwelling further at present on such minute spots, except to point them out as they cross us in our annexed quotations, we proceed to the more gratifying task of laying before our readers those extracts which we have selected as fair specimens of the work.

The introduction is not inferior to any equal number of continuous lines in the poem.

The lark has sung his carol in the sky;
The bees have hummed their noon-tide lullaby.
Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound:
For now the caudle cup is circling *there*,^{*}
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail

The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sir-loin;
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine:
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
" 'Twas on these knees he sat so oft and smiled."
And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round; and old and young,

* One of the examples of the inappropriate use of this pronoun.

In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
Stand *still*† to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene;
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
Moves in her virgin veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas, nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are ^{seen}

And weepings heard where only joy had been;
When by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.
And such is human life.

These verses, and the notes we have appended to them, will convey our sentiments on the whole poem. Were it not exquisitely wrought, and laboriously polished throughout, we should not think it worth minute and microscopical criticism: but it is on the finest mirrors that the smallest specks are seen.

The next paragraph which we shall copy is one of more unmixed beauty, and may be esteemed a free paraphrase from Bossuet's Sermon on the Resurrection.

Our pathway leads but to a precipice;
And all must follow, fearful as it is!
From the first step 'tis known; but—No delay!
On, 'tis decreed. We tremble and obey.
A thousand ills beset us as we go.
—"Still, could I shun the fatal gulf"—Ah, no,
'Tis all in vain—the inexorable Law!
Nearer and nearer to the brink we draw.
Verdure springs up; and fruits and flowers invite,
And groves and fountains—all things that delight.
"Oh I would stop, and linger if I might!"—
We fly; no resting for the foot we find;
All dark before, all desolate behind!
At length the brink appears—but one step more!
We faint—On, on! we falter—and 'tis o'er!

The author, after some general reflections, now proceeds through the different stages of human life, differing in his classification from the seven ages of Shakspeare. He divides his subject into Childhood, Youth, Manhood, Love, Marriage, Domestic Happiness and Affliction, War, Peace, Civil Dissension, Retirement from active life, and Old Age and its enjoyments. The portraiture of infancy is very pretty; but the transition from Manhood to Love rather abrupt; nor is the latter subject so happily treated as most of the others. It seems to us to be too familiar rather than playful. The delineation of domestic bliss is at once more elevated and natural, but we pass it by for the still better painted picture of domestic calamity.

† An indefinite, and here an improper word.
‡ The change of time from the *shall* in the preceding line to this *are*, has a bad effect.

But Man is born to suffer. On the door
Sickness hath set her mark; and now no more
Laughter within we hear, or wood-notes wild
As of a mother singing to her child.
All now in anguish from that room retire,
Where a young cheek glows with consuming fire,
And innocence breathes contagion—all but one,
But she who gave it birth—from her alone
The medicine-cup is taken. Through the night,
And through the day, that with its dreary light
Comes unregarded, she sits silent by,
Watching the changes with her anxious eye:
While they without, listening below, above,
(Who but in sorrow know how much they love?)
From every little noise catch hope and fear,
Exchanging still, still as they turn to hear,
Whispers and sighs, and smiles all tenderness
That would in vain the starting tear repress.

Such grief was ours—it seems but yesterday—
When in thy prime, wishing so much to stay,
'Twas thine, Maria, thine without a sigh
At midnight in a sister's arms to die!
Oh thou wert lovely—lovely was thy frame,
And pure thy spirit as from Heaven it came!
And, when recalled to join the blest above,
Thou didst a victim to exceeding love,
Nursing the young to health. In happier hours,
When idle fancy wove luxuriant flowers,
Once in thy mirth thou badst me write on thee;
And now I write—what thou shalt never see!
At length the Father, vain his power to save,
Follows his child in silence to the grave,
(That child how cherished, whom he would not
give.

Sleeping the sleep of death, for all that live;
Takes a last look, when, not unheard, the spade
Scatters the earth as "dust to dust" is said,
Takes a last look and goes; his best relief
Consoling others in that hour of grief,
And with sweet tears and gentle words infusing
The holy calm that leads to heavenly musing.

The last six lines, we think, weaken
the effect of the affecting passages which
precede them, and especially of the two
exquisitely fine touches in the paren-
theses; the whole quotation is, however,
extremely beautiful, and there are few
parents who will not feel and confess its
truth.

The remainder of the poem depicts a
fortunate old age, and retirement from
the busy scenes of the world—such re-
tirement as is enjoyed only by the happy
few to whom it is given to eke out a
youth of little toil with a sequel of easy
abundance—who having had no occasion
to stem the torrent of adversity, and
buffet with its waves, may sink peace-
fully into the decline of years, untroubled
with cares, and never harassed with the
dread of want. Alas! that the old age
of the vast majority of mankind should
be so much the reverse of this.

The poem thus concludes:

But the day is spent;
And stars are kindling in the firmament,
To us how silent—though like ours perchance
Busy and full of life and circumstance;
Where some the paths of Wealth and Power
Pursue,
Of Pleasure some, of Happiness a few;
And, as the sun goes round—a sun not ours—
While from her lap another Nature showers
Gifts of her own, some from the crowd retire,
Think on themselves, within, without inquire;

At distance dwell on all that passes there,
All that their world reveals of good and fair;
And as they wander, picturing things, like me,
Not as they are, but as they ought to be,
Trace out the Journey through their little Day,
And fondly dream an idle hour away.

We trust that these extracts will be
thought to justify the favourable opinion
we have ventured to express of this pub-
lication—that a gentleness and elegance
of mind, tinged with much tenderness
and considerable pathos, are its charac-
teristics, and that without aiming at
great elevation or force, its chaste and
polished numbers are peculiarly calcu-
lated to be pleasing to all those who, like
the author, may wish to

Fondly dream an idle hour away.

It remains for us also to sustain our
judgment upon the few obscurities
which appear to detract from the general
lucidity of the construction.

Born in a trance, we wake, reflect, inquire;
And the green earth, the azure sky admire.
Of Elfin size—for ever as we run,
We cast a longer shadow in the Sun!
And now a charm, and now a grace is won!

We must own that we do not compre-
hend the drift of these lines. Again, only
a few verses on,—

And say, how soon, where, blithe as innocent,
The boy at sun-rise whistled as he went,
An aged pilgrim on his staff shall lean,
Tracing in vain the footsteps o'er the green;
The man himself how altered, not the scene!

Here we guess the meaning, but can-
not tell what are "the footsteps" the
aged pilgrim is tracing in vain.

We must again apologize for particu-
larising such slight and accidental over-
sights, but it is only, as we said before,
in productions upon which labour has
been bestowed, as well as true poetic
genius displayed, that it is necessary to
point out even the most trifling defects.

Two minor poems are added to
Human Life in this volume: the first
written at and on the subject of *Pestum*;
the last entitled *The Boy of Egremont*,
and founded on a tradition current in
Wharfe-dale, where at a place called
the *Strid*, the catastrophe is said to have
happened in the 12th century, to a son
of William Fitz-Duncan, the nephew of
David King of Scotland, who had laid
waste the valleys of Craven with fire and
sword. Though both are worthy of the
critic's praise, we only select the latter, as
it admits of being transferred entire into
our limits, as the conclusion of this
notice.

THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

"Say what remains when Hope is fled?"
She answered, "Endless weeping!"
For in the herds-man's eye she read
Who in his shroud lay sleeping.

At EMBRAY rung the matin-bell,
The stag was roused on Barden-fell;
The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,
And down the Wharfe a heron was flying;
When near the cabin in the wood,
In tartan clad and forest-green,
With hound in leash and hawk in hood,
The Boy of Egremont was seen.
Blithe was his song, a song of yore,
But where the rock is rent in two,
And the river rushes through,
His voice was heard no more!
'Twas but a step, the gulf he passed.
But that step—it was his last!
As through the mist he winged his way,
(A cloud that hovers night and day.)
The hound hung back, and back he drew
The Master and his merlin too.
That narrow place of noise and strife
Received their little all of Life!

There now the matin-bell is rung;
The "Miserere!" duly sung;
And holy men in cowl and hood
Are wandering up and down the wood.
But what avail they? Ruthless Lord,
Thou didst not shudder when the sword
Here on the young its fury spent,
The helpless and the innocent.
Sit now and answer groan for groan.
The child before thee is thy own.
And she who wildly wanders there,
The mother in her long despair,
Shall oft remind thee, waking, sleeping,
Of those who by the Wharfe were weeping;
Of those who would not be consoled
When red with blood the river rolled.

We have only to add, that this volume
is so beautifully printed as to be an ex-
cellent example of typography, and
though we do not approve of such ex-
pensive modes of getting up works for
the public, yet as we suppose the present
is only a sort of *fancy edition*, as a pre-
liminary to an appearance in a cheaper
form, we abstain from saying that we
wish it were more agreeable to the
usual practice of publishing in a neat
and convenient form at a moderate
price.

*Recollections of Japan, comprising a parti-
cular account of the Religion, &c. of the
People.* By Captain Golownin, R.N.
(Russian Navy.) Author of *A Three-
years' Captivity in Japan*. London
1819. 8vo. pp. 302.

When we reviewed Captain Golownin's
preceding publication, the account of his
Three-years' Captivity, we not only ex-
pressed our approbation of the manner
in which he communicated what he had
to state, but of the matter, which we
found full of interest. It was precisely
the round unvarnished tale which we
want on such subjects. A sensible and
observant man need only tell us, con-
nectedly and in clear terms, what he
hears and sees when he visits a country
so curious and so imperfectly known as
Japan; and we will answer for it, his
narrative will be more prized than if he

took ten times the pains to compose a work with epic nicety, reasoning on every point, and twisting some hypothesis of his own into every incident.

The present volume is of the same valuable character. The Recollections are plain unaffected statements of things entirely deserving of being recorded; and readers will experience both entertainment and instruction in perusing so many remarkable traits of a remarkable people.

Prefixed, is an introduction devoted to the chronological details of the rise, decline, and renewal of the British commercial intercourse with Japan; and an argument upon the practicability and utility of again cultivating that trade. This is an able paper, and traces the connexion between the countries, from the time of James I. to the recent date of several attempts at re-opening the channels of friendly communication. We learn that the Coast of Japan was first seen by an English ship on the 9th of June 1613, when Captain Saris arrived in a vessel (one of three which sailed from the Downs in April 1611) manned by twenty-four Englishmen, one Spaniard, one Japanese, and five Indians. He was well received by the King, *Foyne Sama*, to whom he delivered a letter from King James, and presents to the amount of about 140*l*. In return, a trading charter was granted with great privileges, and His Japanese Majesty wrote a handsome answer to the British Monarch, subscribed "Minna Mottono. —Yei. Ye. Yeas." A factory was established at Firando, and a smart interchange of commodities carried on with Siam, Loo Choo, and other places in these seas. The jealousies of the Dutch, however, and disputes with other Europeans, soon proved fatal to this favourable state of things. A civil war broke out in Japan, and the factory was abandoned in 1623. The troubles at home, at this melancholy period of our own history, and the dreadful massacre and extirpation of all Christians converted by the Portuguese Jesuits in Japan, sufficiently account for the blank which ensued. The Dutch monopolized the traffic of Japan till 1673, when upon the restoration of Charles II. an expedition sailed from England and arrived at Nangasaki; but the Emperor, and his representatives on the coast, baffled every effort at a renewal of commerce, as is candidly detailed by Charlevoix, in his *Histoire et Description du Japon*.

The hatred of Christians, and especially of the Portuguese, was at this period at its height; and it is not surprising

that we failed in re-establishing ourselves in the confidence of a government, the policy of which, founded on those sentiments, has ever since, for a century and a half, been firmly directed to the utter exclusion of all foreign intercourse. So strictly has this prohibition been enforced, that, except what information may be laid up among the State Papers of Holland, obtained by Dutch traders, who submitted to every species of degradation and insult, Europe possesses little or no intelligence respecting Japan for more than a hundred years; and it is only very recently that some light has been thrown upon the state of that extraordinary empire. Of those who have contributed most essentially in this respect, Captain Golownin occupies a foremost rank. Krusenstern, however, mentions several important facts. He states that in 1803, a Company of English Merchants in Calcutta sent a ship richly laden to Nangasaki, under Captain Torey, but she was ordered to quit the Japanese coast in 24 hours. He adds, that an American vessel failed in a similar project about two years before; but thinks that a good trade might be opened with the Peninsula of Corea. Langsdorff also affords us some useful hints. He gives the instructions delivered by the Japanese to Laxman in 1792;—in effect, that the laws of Japan are irrevocable, that they order all ships to be put under arrest, forbid any person from visiting the interior under pain of never being permitted to return, appoint the ports where merchantmen are to go, refuse all intercourse with ships of war, and prohibit every religious act of worship in their visitors. In spite of these seemingly unsurmountable obstacles, the Writer thinks that the prejudices of the Japanese might be vanquished, and a beneficial trade carried on with them. Without delivering an opinion on this weighty question, which we have little doubt will soon be solved by British enterprise now that the general tranquillity affords it the opportunity of pushing all round the globe, we shall proceed to Captain Golownin's Recollections, only premising that they are illustrated by copious notes of great labour and research, replete with intelligence touching Japan, from the best authorities, such as Xavier the Jesuit Missionary, Charlevoix, whom we have already noticed, Kœmpfer, Thunberg, and les Ambassades Memorable des Hollandais.

The geographical situation of the Japanese possessions (we need hardly remark) is, in respect to latitude, the same as that of the countries lying between the southern provinces of France, and the south part of

Morocco. The Japanese Empire consists of islands, the largest and most considerable being Nippon; at a small distance to the north of which lies the twenty-second Kurile Island of Matmai or Matsmai. To the north of Matsmai are the Island of Sagaleen (with its southerly half belonging to Japan, and the other half subject to the Chinese,) and the three Kurile Islands of Kunaschier, Tschikotan, and Eetooroop (Turpu.) To the south of Nippon lie the two considerable islands of Kiosu and Siconfu. And besides these eight principal islands, there are many others of inferior consequence, all surrounded by the eastern ocean, and extending in clusters opposite to the coasts of Corea, China, and Tartary, from which they are separated by a broad belt called the Japan sea, and in its narrowest parts, the Straits of Corea.

The climate is widely different from that of the corresponding latitudes which we have indicated in Europe and Africa. In Matsmai, on a parallel with Leghorn, Bilbao, and Toulon, where frost is hardly known, the snow lies in the valleys and plains from November till April, the rain pours down in torrents at least twice a week, the horizon is cloudy, violent winds prevail, and yet the fog is scarcely ever dispersed. Similar results are observable in the other islands, and every meteorological phenomenon proves that the climate is much colder in the eastern than in the western hemisphere. This great difference proceeds from local causes. The Japanese possessions lie in an ocean which may be truly called the Empire of Fogs. In the Summer months the fogs often last three or four days without interruption, and there seldom passes a day in which it is not for some hours gloomy, rainy, or foggy. Perfectly clear days are as rare in Summer there, as fogs in the Western Ocean. Though the fine weather is more constant in Winter, yet a week seldom passes without two or three gloomy days.

Such is their climate, and equally dark it may well be supposed is the origin of the Japanese people. The popular fables are as foggy as their weather, or as the traditions of more enlightened countries:—

Our Interpreter Teske, and the Man of Learning (Scholar,) often laughed in our conversations, at the credulity of their countrymen in regard to their origin. Among other things they related that they had a tradition, that, at a period of remote antiquity, the whole earth was covered with water, in which state it remained during a countless series of years without the Almighty Creator, whom the Japanese call *Tenko Sama* (Ruler of Heaven,) having cast his eye upon it. At length, Kami, his eldest son, obtained permission to put the earth in order, and to people it. He therefore took an extremely long staff to sound the depth, which he found to be the least, exactly in the place where Japan now rises out of the sea. He threw the earth from the bottom, up in a heap, and created the

island of Nippon, furnished it with all the natural productions which still flourish there, divided himself into two beings, one male and one female, and peopled the new country; when the other children of God saw their brother's work, they did the same in other parts of the globe, and though they succeeded in creating countries, ordering and peopling them, they, however, had not the skill which their elder brother possessed; and, hence, in their creation of countries and men, they did not retain the same perfection.* For this reason, the Japanese are superior to all the other inhabitants of the earth, and the productions of Japan better than all others. Teske, who related to us this tradition from their ancient history, laughed, and said that even to this day most of his countrymen believed the silly fable, and many affirmed that a part of the staff which their first ancestor had employed to measure the depths of the ocean, still existed as an evergreen-tree on one of the highest mountains in the island of Nippon.

Whatever their origin, the Japanese stoutly deny their ever having been one people with the Chinese; whom they so cordially detest, that when they mean to call a person a rogue or a cheat, they say he is a true Chinese. Yet many of their families are of Chinese origin; but these they pretend are the descendants of prisoners taken in their victorious wars. Emigrants from India have also settled among the Japanese, and spread their religion most widely over that empire. Captain G. says, the faith of the predominant sect appears to be no other than the faith of the Bramins disfigured. Had he said the faith of Bhud, he would have been nearer the truth.

† They affirm, that their history has a certain degree of authenticity, since the government of the present house of Kin-Rey, or the spiritual Emperors; that is according to their chronology, for a period of above 2400 years, or six centuries before the birth of Christ. Some of the most important events of these twenty-four centuries are described pretty much in detail, others are only touched upon. The names of all the spiritual Emperors of this house, as well as their successors, and the years of their accession to the government, are known to the Japanese. All traditions, re-

* Another statement says, "That, at the beginning of the world, the first of seven Celestial Spirits arranged the chaos, or confused mass of Land and Sea, when, from the end of the rod with which he performed it, there fell a muddy frothy, which condensed, and formed the islands of Japan."—Ed.

† Marco Polo is the first European who mentions this extraordinary people, in the 13th century. He calls Japan, Zipangu, notices its invasion by the chan of Tartary, in 1279; and states, that the islands amount to 7440, including the smallest that peep above water. It was about 1534, or a few years later, that the Portuguese first reached Japan.

specting events previous to that period, they regard as fables undeserving of belief, even though their historians mention them.

Leaving the past, we may look with greater interest at the present condition and character of the Japanese. Our Author represents them as sensible and ingenious, but excessively timid, or rather cowardly. The common people are fond of strong liquors, and frequently drink to excess on holidays, though to be intoxicated in the day-time is looked upon as disgraceful. He continues:—

Among the vices of the Japanese, the most prevalent appears to be incontinence. Though the law does not allow them to take more than one wife, they have the right to keep concubines, and all opulent people make use of this right even to excess. The bagnios are under the protection of the laws, and have their regulations, rules, and privileges. The owners of such houses are not, indeed, considered infamous, and enjoy the same rights as merchants, who deal in a permitted commodity with the consent of the government; but the Japanese avoid being acquainted with them. The lovers of such places generally visit them from sun-set to sun-rise. The music plays and the drum is beat. There were some such houses near our abode, and I cannot remember that a single night passed without our hearing the drum: hence I conclude that these places are never without visitors. The Japanese told us, that at Yeddo, the capital of the temporal emperor, there are numbers of the largest buildings of this kind, which are nothing inferior in magnificence to the palaces of princes: in one of these temples, dedicated to Venus, there are six hundred priestesses, and yet the porters are often obliged to refuse admittance to young worshippers of the goddess, because there is no vacancy. We were assured that the proprietors of these magnificent magazines spare nothing to furnish them with the most beautiful merchandize, and this is very easily to be believed. On one of our walks in Matsmai, the interpreters, to gratify our curiosity, led us past such a house: half a dozen young creatures ran to the door to see us. I observed, that some of them were in the bloom of youth, and so handsome, that they would have done no discredit to a house of the same description in an European capital; but perhaps they appeared so to me only, because my eyes had been so long deprived of the sight of our fair countrywomen.

A more infamous Asiatic practice, to which we may hardly allude, is represented as being common.

It is more agreeable to record, to the honour of the Japanese, that

Every one is able to read and write, and knows the laws of his country, which are seldom changed; and the most important of which are publicly exposed on large tables in the towns and villages, in the pub-

lic squares and other places. --- In agriculture, horticulture, the fishery, the chase, the manufacture of silk and woollen stuffs, of porcelain, and varnished goods, and in the polishing of metals, they are not at all inferior to the Europeans; in the arts of cabinet-making and turnery they are perfect masters, and are besides admirably skilled in the production of all articles belonging to domestic economy. Every Japanese is acquainted with the medicinal virtues of the various herbs which grow in that climate, and almost every one carries about him the most usual medicines, which he immediately uses in case of need. In painting, architecture, sculpture, engraving, music, and probably also in poetry, they are far our inferior; in the art of war they are still children, and their knowledge of navigation is confined to coasting.

Ignorance we see may be a blessing or a curse.

(To be continued.)

Histoire de la Magie en France, depuis le Commencement de la Monarchie jusque à nos Jours. By M. Jules Garinet.

(From the French.)

We shall proceed to make a few extracts from this very curious work, unaccompanied by any observation, leaving the reader to draw from them what inference he pleases, and to judge how far we have reason to regret certain customs and institutions of our ancestors.

We observe the chronological order laid down by the author.

When Charles the Bald (who was no conjuror) besieged the capital of Anjou, the French troops were assailed by a multitude of Demons, in the form of locusts, having six wings, and teeth as hard as flints. These singular enemies flew with the utmost regularity, ranged in order of battle, and were preceded by a corps of pioneers of their own kind. It would have been useless to oppose them by arms of human manufacture. The church therefore opened her artillery; they were exorcised, and the immense host being put to the rout, plunged headlong into the sea.

A Count of Macon oppressed the ecclesiastics, stripped the convents of their provisions, turned the Canons out of the churches, and the Monks out of the monasteries. As his crimes were public, they were punished in a memorable way. One day, whilst he was in his palace surrounded by his guards, an unknown Knight entered, and, without descending from his horse, he went straight up to the Count and desired him to follow him. The Count, impelled by a supernatural power, obeyed, and mounted a horse which was in readiness at the gate of the palace. The unfortunate sinner was immediately carried into the air, and his cries were heard until he was no longer visible.

This fact is related by Peter the Venerable, who was for a length of time Abbot of Cluni, and who died in 1156. He has left

behind him two books of miracles, to which he was himself a living witness!

In 1456, Robert Olive was burnt at Falaise. It was proved on his trial that the devil, with whom he held communion, assumed the name of Chrysopole; and that at the instigation of the said Chrysopole, Robert Olive killed and burnt little children.

In 1557, four hundred sorcerers were burnt at Toulouse.

In 1587, the parliament of Paris condemned Jaque Rolet, as a *wolf-man*, for having eaten the best part of a little boy who unfortunately fell into his power. (*De Lanere, arrets notables de Paris.*)

In the year 1588, in a village among the mountains of Auvergne, about two leagues from Apchon, a gentleman, who was standing at one of the windows of his chateau, saw a huntsman of his acquaintance pass by, and requested that he would bring him some game. The huntsman was attacked by a large wolf: he fired his arquebuse without wounding the animal; he then seized the wolf by the ears, and, with his hunting-hanger, cut off one of his paws, which he put into his bag. He returned to the gentleman's castle, and on searching his bag for the wolf's paw, he drew out a human hand, with a gold ring on one of the fingers. The gentleman immediately recognised the hand to be his wife's, and *this somehow led him to suspect her*. He went in quest of her, and found her in the kitchen, with her arm hid under her apron. The gentleman produced the hand, and she could not deny having assumed the form of the wolf which attacked the huntsman. The woman was tried, found guilty, and burnt at Riom.

At Tours, in 1589, fourteen persons condemned for sorcery, appealed against the punishment of death, which had been pronounced on them. The court appointed a commission of Physicians to examine these supposed sorcerers. The commission were of opinion, that it would be proper to administer Hellebore to the unfortunate creatures, rather than to visit them with any other punishment, and they were accordingly acquitted.

Fifty sorcerers and sorceresses were executed in the city of Douai, in the year 1606.

In 1610, the Parliament of Bourdeaux pronounced sentence of death upon four persons who were carried into the clouds by the help of the devil.

We shall not enter into a detail of the circumstance which took place in 1816, at Treilly, about three leagues from Amiens. The Chief of the Establishment of the Jesuits at St. Acheuil was too deeply compromised in it. Nor shall we do more than merely call to the recollection of the reader the more recent affair, in which the Devil, under the form of a white sheep, appeared to two young persons of the city of Bruges. The Magistracy having thought proper to interfere, the mystification was incomplete.

It would appear that the history of magic is drawing to a close—occasionally indeed conjurors start up here and there; but in-

stead of being exorcised, they are confined in mad-houses; instead of being burnt, they are exposed to public ridicule. It is evident that they cannot long sustain this treatment. However, in case they should appear in force again, it is proper that the world should know how to deal with them. For this purpose we extract a few articles from the code relating to Sorcerers, drawn up at Dole, on the 19th of August 1601, by Henry Boguet, grand judge of Sainte Claude. As it is probable that our unbelieving legislators will make no enactments on this subject, the following may be the means of providing, in case of necessity, against a deficiency so prejudicial to good order. The Code is perfectly conformable to the principles of humanity of the age in which it was drawn up.

"The Judge of the District shall take cognisance of the affair and try it. The ordinary forms of trials are not to be observed in such cases.

"The suspicion of sorcery is sufficient to authorize the arrest of any individual. The examination must immediately follow the arrest, because the Devil assists sorcerers in prison.

"The Judge must closely watch the countenances of sorcerers; observe whether the person suspected sheds tears; whether he looks downward, mutters to himself or blasphemes, for these are all proofs of guilt.

"Shame frequently prevents a sorcerer from confessing; for this reason the Judge should be alone, and the clerk who writes down the answers concealed.

"If the accused do not confess, he must be placed in close confinement, and trusty persons appointed to draw the truth from him.

"There are some Judges who make promises of pardon, and nevertheless finally pronounce sentence of execution; but this custom, though authorized by many doctrines, is extremely cruel.

"If public report accuse the criminal of sorcery, he is a sorcerer.

"A son is allowed to give evidence against his father.

"Witnesses of infamous character may be heard as well as others.

"Children likewise may be heard.

"Variations in the answers of the witnesses must not be considered as a presumption favourable to the innocence of the prisoner if all accuse him of sorcery.

"The punishment is that of fire. Sorcerers may be strangled, and afterwards burnt.

"Wolf-men must be burnt alive.

"The Judge may condemn on mere conjecture and presumption; in that case the criminal must not be burnt, but hanged, &c. &c."

What would the Grand Judge of Sainte-Claude say to our modern codes? There is a wide difference between our legislators and those of his age. But nobody can call in question the superiority of the latter, for Daniel Romanez, an advocate of Salins, accepted the dedication with the utmost

gratitude; and the author, the wise Boguet, received the following admirable certificate:—

"I the undersigned, Doctor of Sacred Theology, declare having read the book entitled, *Discourse on Sorcerers*, in which I find nothing contrary to the Catholic and Roman religion, or to morality; but consider it as *abounding in excellent doctrines*.

Dole, Aug. 13, 1601.

DELABARRE."

TRAVELS IN ASIATIC TURKEY.

A work, which the name of the author will recommend to the attention of the lovers of oriental literature, has lately been published at Pest. It is entitled, *Umblick auf einer Reise von Constantinopel nach Brussa und dem Olympos, und von da zurück über Nicia und Nicomedia: von Joseph von Hammer*—That is to say, "Observations made (or rather perhaps what the French would call *coup d'œil*) on a Journey from Constantinople to Brussa and Mount Olympus, and thence back to Constantinople by the way of Nice and Nicomedia, by Joseph von Hammer."

This tour was undertaken in the month of August 1804; and the author, who was the Secretary to the Austrian Embassy at Constantinople, was accompanied by Baron Bielfeld, the Prussian chargé d'affaires, and Mr. Stratton, the British Minister to the Porte. The official duties of these gentlemen allowed them only a very short absence from the place of their residence; and the uniformity of the scene, which the level surface of the sea, constantly before their eyes, had long presented, strongly impressed them with the desire of enjoying the beauties of nature in a more elevated region. They therefore resolved to ascend Mount Olympus, and to visit the three capitals of Bithynia, the seats of the government of the Bithynian Kings, the Byzantine Emperors and the Osmanic Sultans, towns which are truly attractive objects of learned curiosity, being celebrated for their natural as well as their political history; namely, Brussa, the former site of the throne, and the sepulchre of the ruling Osmanic family;—for its warm baths and medicinal springs: Nice, where the first general council of the Church was held, and which the Crusaders besieged;—for its lake impregnated with nitre and yet abounding in fish: *Nicomedia*, a mart of Eastern commerce;—for the numerous earthquakes of which it has been the theatre. They also travelled along the coasts of the Gulfs of *Modania* and *Nicomedia* (*Sinus cianus et Sinus astacenus*.) The Argonauts, the Romans, and the Arabs, landed in the former. Constantine died, Helen was born, and Hannibal was buried on the shores of the latter.

"What recollections (says the author) did not these names awaken, particularly the last, at a time when no Hannibal had yet shaken the power of Napoleon, and no national confederacy had broken the chains of Europe,—when every courier brought fresh proofs of the all-grasping ambition of the conqueror, and the deeper humiliation of the

conquered—at a time too when every unfavourable report was rendered more vexatious by the never-ending gossip of the circles of Pera. To escape from this diplomatic rookery for two weeks, the period which we knew must elapse between the departure and the arrival of the ordinary post from Europe, and, during that short while, to enjoy the pleasure of free and unrestrained intercourse amidst the magnificent and delightful scenes of Natolia, formed also some inducement to this excursion. We pledged ourselves not to speak on politics, and never to mention the name of Napoleon until our return. It was not difficult to abide by this agreement. Alternately enchanted by the beauties of nature, and interested by the memorials of past ages, we stored our minds in the course of this fortnight's tour with a rich stock of agreeable images and historical impressions for the remainder of our lives."

Before we proceed further in our notice of this work, it may be proper to describe the method we have followed with respect to the orthography of certain words, chiefly names of places and persons which appear in our extracts. In all accounts of travels or other works relative to countries where there is either no alphabetic character or one essentially different from that used in Europe, the author doubtless wishes to give an idea of the words he has occasion to represent, by accommodating the spelling as nearly as possible to the sounds of the language in which he writes. A change ought, however, to take place when such works are transferred to another tongue, and the neglect of this conversion, which seems so obvious and indispensable, is one of the causes of that confusion which prevails respecting the orthography of oriental words. M. Von Hammer, in writing for Germans, has of course employed the sounds of the German alphabet to represent the oriental words he has thought fit to introduce into his work; and it has been our wish to give to all words of this kind, which occur in the passages we have selected, such a form as it is probable the author would have chosen had he been writing for the English press. With this observation, which seemed necessary as the explanation, or perhaps the apology for what we have done, we submit to our readers the following extracts with the orthography we have adopted.

The description of the road from the coast towards Brussa forms the commencement of the work.

"The port of *Modania*, in the Bay to which it gives its name, is the nearest landing place for the traveller who embarks at Constantinople with the view of proceeding to Brussa. The country along the coast appears wild and uncultivated. Towards the promontory of *Dreeglia*, situated at the southern extremity of the mouth of the Bay, the sea approaches the base of the ascending chain of mountains, leaving only a small stripe of level ground, on which are built the villages of *Seegle* and *Dreeglia*; the former two, the latter three

leagues from *Modania*. In proceeding thither, at the distance of about half a league from the town, we find a little village called by the Turks, *Yenikayee* (New Village,) and by the Greeks, *Albanitochori* (Albanian Village,) which consists of twenty-one houses hanging as it were on the declivity of the hill. This double name conveys the history of its foundation, for it was built twenty-five years ago by about as many Albanian families, who sought and found an asylum here. On the other side of *Modania*, and opposite to the middle of the Bay, the range of hills recedes from the shore, which is here a populous tract of coast, in some parts more, in others less than a league in breadth. The villages, *Burgas* (castle or tower, from *πυργος*) or *Neochorati* (New Castle,) *Altoontash* (Touchstone,) *Koor-shoonlee* (Leaden,) *Gendsheli* (Sedge Corner,) and *Engoordshik* (Cucumber,) each a league from the other, mark out, at equal distances, the road from *Modania* to the little town of *Gemlik*, at the farther end or most inward part of the Bay. The three first mentioned villages lie close to the sea, the other two are about a league inland at the foot of the mountain, where there are salt pits which extend to the shore. *Engoordshe* is celebrated for its cucumbers, and *Treeglia* for its olives.

"*Modania*, which lines the sea with a long lane of wretched houses, in a half ruinous state, is destitute of stairs or any suitable accommodation for disembarking. There is only one landing place for the whole town, and close to it, as might reasonably be expected, stands the Custom-House, which is here an establishment of considerable importance; for *Modania* is the mart of Brussa, and the outlet for all the productions of the surrounding country.

"In the year 761 of the Hegira, (1351) this town was taken, in pursuance of orders expressly given by Osman I. under the benediction of the pious Dervise Hadshee Begtash, afterwards the Saint of the Janissaries; and, lest it should be re-taken, the castle was destroyed. The chief authorities are, the Voivoda, by whom the revenues are administered for the Pashaw of Brussa, of whose government the country is a dependency; the officers who superintend the collection of the customs, and in particular of the new duties on silk; and the judge, whose salary, as originally fixed, independently of the costs of suits and perquisites, is 150 aspers, or 50 paras, equal to one piaster and a quarter daily. It contains three Mosques, an equal number of *Khans* or warehouses for the deposit of merchants' goods, a bath, and one Turkish and one Greek reading-school. The inhabitants, who are chiefly Greeks, maintain themselves by the cultivation of their gardens and vineyards; and the figs and the grapes, the must and the vinegar, of *Modania* are much esteemed. Its having been the birth-place of Sophia, Countess Potocka, previously Madame de Witt, a lady memorable for her beauty, amiability, and talents,—who was the daughter of a Greek innkeeper, and who in her youth never

dreamed of laying down a plan in her old age for building a city in Russia,—is a circumstance which may give this town a further claim to celebrity in Europe.

"About a quarter of a league from *Modania*, towards the south-west, and on the right of the road towards *Brussa*, some scattered ruins may be seen among the vineyards; the stones of these ruins are collected and piled up for garden walls, to intercept the loose earth rolling down the declivities. The roots of the mulberry trees have penetrated through the foundations, and large masses of stone are concealed by luxuriant branches of vines. Thus the old walls are now surmounted with trees instead of towers; they no longer defend a town, but protect plantations, and the fertility of the soil has its triumph in return for the former usurpation of architecture. It may be conjectured that this is the site of the ancient *Apamea*, the name of which is still in some measure preserved in that given to the ruins, which the inhabitants call *Anapoli*.

"Here the country begins to exhibit the finest picture of industrious cultivation and exuberant fertility. Surrounded by all the magical charms of the climate of Asia Minor, the stranger forgets that he is in Turkey. The roads, bordered on either side by hedges of vines and mulberry trees, are as delightful as the finest in Italy. Cool springs, collected in reservoirs or in spouting fountains, refresh the thirsty traveller, and moisten the arid ground. Ascending at the distance of half a league, we reach a large village on the top of Mount Misopolis, inhabited by Greeks, and a league further brings us to the Turkish village *Tshakirkhan*, which belongs, with a *Tshiftlik* or farm, to *Kharadshoghli*, one of the richest inhabitants of Brussa.

"The road which ascends to this spot, now inclines downward on the other side of the mountain ridge, which separates the plain of Brussa from the sea. A narrow pass, through which it descends, opens suddenly the magnificent view of the plain and the river, and the line of hillocks by which the plain is intersected, with the superb mass of Olympus in the background. After advancing about half a league, the traveller crosses the *Nilufer*, (*Lotos Nenuphar* *) which in summer can be forded on horse-back, but in winter is crossed by means of a stone bridge. This stream, which winds like a silver serpent on the elysian plain of Brussa, well merits its beautiful name, whether it received it in ancient times from the *Lotus*, which, according to Homer, grew in great abundance on the banks of the Simois and the Scamandros, or be indebted for it, as the Turkish legends state, to the fair Sultaness Nilufer, the wife of Orkhan.

"After crossing the *Nilufer*, the road passes through the Turkish village of *Basler*, (*Nourishing*), situated in the midst of corn fields, at a short distance from the river. The road ascends gently along the

* *Nymphaea Lotus*—Lin.

range of hillocks which lie between Mount Olympus and the sea, parallel to the great chain left behind. In the defiles of these hillocks the view is intercepted, but on advancing another league, the traveller arrives at the village of Ahmaded, where the plain is seen stretching out in its full magnificence. Here the eye surveys the Giant Olympus in all his grandeur, from the head, encircled by a wreath of eternal snow, to the foot, adorned by the gardens of Brussa, which cover it like a rich Cashmere shawl. At the end of the next league, which must be travelled without the advantage of being protected as hitherto from the sun's rays, by the shade of trees, the *Nilufer* again appears, flowing in quite the opposite direction, and thus rendering it, at first sight, doubtful whether it possibly can be the same river as that already passed. This doubt is occasioned by the serpentine course, in which it seems, after leaving with regret its beautiful banks, to hasten anxiously back to them; but in doing so it overflows low grounds, sends out branches, and forms marshes which infect the air with miasmatic exhalations. It rises in the western valleys of Mount Olympus, makes a circuit round the base of the mountain from west to east, gathers in its course all the rivulets and mountain streams of the eastern vallies, turns back again in the direction of its first course, skirts the extremity of the hillock ridge which intersects the plain, and, keeping parallel to that ridge, by a complete inversion of its first course flows towards the *Rhyndakos*, to mix its waters with those of that river a little above its mouth."

M. Von Hammer next describes a fountain called the Persian Well, which stands under a shade of trees, on a peninsula formed by the *Nilufer* in front of Brussa. The name of this fountain probably led *Chevalier* into the mistake he has committed respecting the site of the decisive battle between Timoor and Bajazet, which he has transferred from the plain of Angora to that of Brussa. This is, however, as erroneous as the course he has given to the *Nilufer*, which is represented on his map as proceeding in a straight line to the sea of Marmora. The road from the Persian Well to Brussa is beautiful and picturesque.

BRUSSA.

"Brussa consists of the town, properly so called, the castle, and the suburbs. The whole forms a series of buildings, about a league in length, but not quite a quarter of a league broad, which, standing on the declivity of Olympus, embraces the foot of the mountain like the ornamental riband of a sandal. The town is intersected by a deep valley *Gaidaré* (the Celestial Valley,) which extends beyond the houses into the plain. The suburbs are the extremities of this long foot-band of Olympus, and the castle rises in the middle of the city over perpendicular rocks, which are ascended on the north side from the Trencher Gate (*Tabac Kapessée*) on the east from the earthen gate (*Yer Kapessée*), and on the

west from the gate of the baths (*Kapleedsha Kapessée*.) These three gates lead outward from the city, but to ascend the mountain, the traveller must pass through those on the south side, namely, the prison gate (*Siendan Kapessée*), and the water gate (*Soo Kapessée*.) These gates lead to a narrow stripe of meadow and garden ground, which separates the back of the town from the heights of Olympus. Here the road proceeds straight forward, notwithstanding the considerable height to be ascended from the side of the town.

"The principal suburbs are, the village of *Tshekeerdshé* (Locust) situated on the western declivity of Olympus, above the Persian fountain, and through which the road to Modania passes;—the two great bathing places in the plain, *Eshee Kapleedsha* and *Yence Kapleedsha*,* viz. the old and the new warm baths;—and *Emeer Sultan Mahallese*, or the quarter of the Saint *Emeer Sultan*, is situated at the other end of the town on the road to Nice.

"The beautiful mosque of *Tshekeerdsha* and that of *Emeer Sultan*, form interesting objects for the eye of the traveller who approaches Brussa in either of these directions. The former, which was built by the Conqueror Sultan Orkhan, still stands in all the simple dignity of the ancient architecture; the latter, which was destroyed by fire at the commencement of the present century, has since been restored in the ornamental style of modern building. These two mosques appear like outposts of piety and devotion, stationed one to the east, the other to the west, at the extremes of the two opposite approaches to Brussa; two more stand facing each other, in the same manner, at the two opposite entrances to the interior of the city, namely, on the west side, the mosque of Sultan Murad, and on the east side that of Sultan Bajazet. Both are highly picturesque; the former on account of the height of its dome, and the cypresses by which it is shaded, and the latter in consequence of the elegance of its general form, and the noble simplicity of its peristyle. Within the city rises grandly prominent the *Great Mosque*, which, on account of its dome, deserves this title of

* The name *Kapleedsha* is derived from the Greek *καπνός*, smoke, because all hot springs emit steam or vapour. *Eelcedsha* is the proper Turkish word, which is also used in Asia Minor. In the Persian language warm baths are called *germ ab*, that is, warm water, or *teb ris*, tepid stream. The Persian *germ* is obviously the same radical word as the German and English *warm*, and *teb* occurs in the European names of many places where there are warm baths, which are (in Bohemia and some other countries) called *Tepitz*. Perhaps the old German word *dobel*, which signifies a forest, was originally applied only to woods which contained warm springs, and on that supposition the names *Dobelbad* and *Döbling* may be derived from the Persian *teb* (tepid.) The Greek *θερμα* comes from the Persian *germ*; but the Turks in adopting *Kapleedsha* have taken from the Greeks a name different from that which the latter had themselves received for the same thing from the Persians.

Great, in preference to all the buildings of the same kind, and which has resisted uninjured the ravages of tempests and fire. The old cathedral within the limits of the castle, and another church which now stands within the walls of the palace, built by the first Sultan of the Osman race, were converted by Orkhan into mosques. Finally appear the two shrines of *Murad Abdul* and *Seid Nassir*, which are situated behind the castle, on an eminence of Olympus of moderate height, and command a view of the city and all the beautiful country around it.

"Having satisfied ourselves on the locality of the town, with respect to its general situation, and the appearance of its most remarkable buildings, we were desirous of visiting in detail all its natural and artificial ornaments, its promenades, springs, and baths, its mosques, cloisters, mausoleums, and castle."

(To be continued.)

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS, FOR DECEMBER 1838.

(Continued.)

Art. V. Notice sur la Substance minérale appelée par les Chinois, *pierre de Jasper*. M. J. P. Abel Remusat having been induced to compose a memoir on this celebrated stone, has here given an interesting extract from it. This extract, being itself an abridgment of a longer essay, is little susceptible of farther compression, and the whole is far too long for our Journal. M. Remusat recites, with great learning, the various opinions of preceding writers on this substance, of which we will notice the more remarkable. Marco Polo calls it Jasper or Calcedony. Father Goetz calls it Marble or Jasper, but says, at the same time, that it is because he has no more appropriate name for it. Most of the succeeding writers have called it the hardest of all marbles. The Duc de Chaulnes thought it was a kind of Agate, in which he is followed by Hüttner, Von Brunn, de Guignes (the son), almost all those who have written accounts of the two English embassies, and by the Abbe Grosier. Martini compares the *in* to agate, talaster, and to jet. These uncertainties doubtless arise from the circumstance, that among these writers, those who have seen the *in* were not mineralogists, and those whose knowledge would have enabled them to determine its species, had not any authentic specimens to examine.

An etymological coincidence, equally ingenious and plausible, has appeared, calculated to put an end to this problem. An author distinguished by his erudition, has remarked, that the *in* is called *in* by some Tartar tribes, that from this word *in* may perhaps have been derived, as Wallerius Cronstedt and Pallas have imagined, that of *Cacholong*, which is given to a variety of silex and opaque Calcedony of a milky white; whence he infers that the *in* must be the same substance as our *Cacholong*. We cannot but be struck with

the singular coincidence, on this supposition, between the opinions proposed by two learned men, each for himself, upon questions absolutely foreign to each other. M. Hager has thought that the *in* was the material of which the Murrhine Vases were made; and M. Mongez that this material was the Cachalong. This fortuitous coincidence gives to the two conjectures a degree of weight which, separately, they perhaps would not have.

M. Remusat examines at length the accounts given by the Tartar and Chinese writers of the nature of the *in*, which led him to the conclusion that the *in* is not the Cachalong; and from other arguments concludes that it is the Jade of China, or *lapis Nephriticus*. In order to remove the uncertainty that still remained, M. Remusat wrote to a friend in London, requesting him to examine the sceptres sent from China to the King of England, the well-known origin of which leaves no doubt of the substance of which they are made. M. W. Huttman returned the following answer: "His Majesty, (the King of England) has two sceptres, the East India Company has a third, and the British Museum has several specimens of *in*, both rough and wrought. M. Koenig, of the British Museum, assures me that the *in* is unquestionably the same substance as the Jade of China; and the latter, in its turn, seems nearly allied to the *prehnites*. M. Koenig intends to analyse it, and will inform me of the result."

This answer is so far fully decisive of the question. The *in* is the Oriental Jade or Nephrites; but there are still some points undetermined. It appears that several substances, the chymical nature of which is not yet well known, have been united under the common denomination of Jade. M. Koenig's analysis will doubtless put an end to these difficulties.

Having thus shewn what the *in* is, M. Remusat proceeds to examine the arguments for and against the supposition of M. Hager, that the Murrhine Vases were made of this stone. Comparing the known qualities of the Jade, with the descriptions given by the ancients, particularly Pliny, of the Murrhine Vases, he finds so many irreconcilable differences, that he concludes that the Murrhine Vases were not made of Jade, and, for similar reasons, that they could not be of Cachalong. Finally, he is inclined to subscribe to the opinion of M. de Roziere, which had been previously offered by Born (in the *Journal des Mines*, tom. 36, page 193,) and by an English writer, (in the *Classical Journal*, September 1810, p. 477,) that the Murrhine Vases were made of Spath-fluor. "This ingenious idea," says M. Remusat, "may be liable to some difficulties; but I must confess that on re-perusing the passages in which the ancients speak of the matter of the Murrhine Vases, I was much less struck with the objections, than with the exact manner in which this supposition applies to the descriptions of Pliny, of which it even serves to explain the obscure pas-

sages: there are not many hypotheses which give rise to a similar observation."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TRAVELS IN RUSSIA.

Third Extract from an inedited Journal of a Journey from Posen to the Don and the Sea of Asoff.

On market days, the town (Zytomirs) was lively, but at other times quiet, and with scarcely any body but Jews seen in the streets. The dresses in which the women visit the churches appeared to me new and singular. They wore boots made of red or yellow morocco, long pelisses, of a blue or green colour, ornamented with many silk cords, and a handkerchief tied round the head. The dress of the unmarried Jewesses is extremely handsome: they wear their long black hair plaited in several braids; round their neck are several rows of real pearls; their corset is silk, of a light colour, ornamented with stripes of velvet, and with long wide sleeves of cambric muslin. But on account of a hateful infectious disorder, from which even the richer part of the nation are not free, one could wish sometimes not to look at their hands. The common Russians assured us that it was a particular punishment of heaven, by which it has marked this unbelieving nation, and, by way of proof, appealed to the fact of their being free from it; but, in my opinion, this is owing to the frequent use of the baths among the Russians.

Our stay at Zytomirs was longer than we anticipated, the Russian War-office having appointed the town of Ovrutz for the depôt of our horses. It is situated to the north of Zytomirs, between woods and marshes. Numerous insects torment the cattle of the inhabitants, which led us to apprehend diseases among our horses; and we sent Lieutenant Schauröth to St. Petersburg, to the Prussian Ambassador, to get another depôt assigned us. The journey from Zytomirs might be made in seven days, and we expected him back in three weeks; but his mission lasted eight weeks.

General Aurock, who commanded a division of cavalry, which was partly at a considerable distance about Zytomirs, recollected, when I waited upon him, on seeing my uniform, that the first regiment of huzars had fought with him at Lütterbock; and I was received by him and several Russian officers, who remembered the campaigns they had made with us in France, with much kindness.

The inhabitants of Zytomirs were at length tired of the burthen of quartering us, particularly when the other detachments arrived. We were therefore sent to the little town of Leszin, about two German miles off, which was only inhabited by Jews and peasants. Provisions were here extremely cheap, except bread and butter, which were scarce and dear.

On the 18th of April I arrived at Kiew. The situation of the town on the Dnieper, over which there is a bridge of boats, its

great extent, the fortifications (which, though Kiew is no principal fortress, are kept in good order), the many Greek churches, with their little towers painted green and their domes either all silvered or gilded, make, when seen at a distance, a pleasing impression. But the appearance of the Greek churches, however pleasing at first, tire you very soon, as they are all built in the same way. I visited many of them during my stay in Russia, and found them rather poor, and merely built of wood; but even in the poorest of them I always observed a most remarkable cleanliness, and, without exception, much devotion during divine service. I was not so well pleased with the pictures, of which the greater number are nothing but masses of gay colours; and I confess that I found the reproach unjust which is bestowed upon the Protestant faith, that the arts have declined because they no longer serve religion,—for if religion should inspire artists and produce master-pieces, this would certainly be the case in Russia, where pictures in churches are general: yet it was only in those at Kiew, which are for the most part very rich, that I found a few which were not the works of indifferent artists.

The town consists of three principal parts, and its great extent renders the Droschkis very useful.

The quarter called Podol is not built nearly so well as that which is properly the city, which contains some respectable and large houses. Among the inhabitants I met with some Germans. The shops are all situated in the Podol, and occupy a whole street, and also a separate square building. During my short stay I did not become sufficiently acquainted with the city. But I had heard so much in Russia of the Convent of Petscherski and its subterranean caves (or catacombs) that I wished to visit them; and two Russian officers had the politeness to acquaint me with the time when they are opened, and to accompany me thither. The word Petschera signifies in the Russian language a cavern, and I learned that among many other similar caverns in Russia, these at Kiew were particularly remarkable. That they extended under the Dnieper, nay, even to Smolensko, and were made after the Apostle Andrew had preached Christianity in Russia, by missionaries who succeeded him, is a mere popular tradition, which is evidently impossible, though the great extent of this labyrinth of caves is not quite known even to the monks of the convent. I was told that the missionaries Hilarion, Antonius, and Theodosius, excavated them in the 9th and 10th centuries.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, FEBRUARY 6.

Thursday the following Degrees were conferred:—

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—Frederick Shaw, of Brasenose College; and John George Storie, of Magdalen College.

CAMBRIDGE, FEBRUARY 5.

The late Dr. Smith's annual prizes of 25*l.* each to the two best proficient in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, amongst the commencing Bachelors of Arts, are this year adjudged to Mr. Joshua King, of Queen's College, and Mr. George Miles Cooper, of St. John's College, the first and second Wranglers.

The Rev. Edward Anderson, Fellow of Queen's College, was on Wednesday last admitted *Bachelor in Divinity*; the Rev. John Michael Brooke, of Jesus College, *Master of Arts*; and George Alexander Wood, of Catharine Hall, *Bachelor of Arts*.

The subjects for the prizes given by the Representatives in Parliament for this University, for the present year, are, for the SENIOR BACHELORS,—*Quænam fuerit Oraculorum æra indoles ac natura?*

MIDDLE BACHELORS,—*Inter veterum philosophorum sectas, cuius potissimum ribuenta sit laus veræ sapientiæ?*

The subject of the Seatonian prize poem for the present year is—*Moses receiving the Tables of the Law*.

M. Daunou has been appointed Professor of History at the College of France. The other candidate was M. Raoul Rochette, presented by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

FRENCH ARTS AND MANUFACTURES.

By the royal ordinance of the 13th of last month, on this subject, which we mentioned on its being issued, it is directed as follows:—

Art. 1. There shall be a public exhibition of the products of French industry, at periods to be determined by the King, and at intervals not exceeding four years.

The first exhibition shall take place in 1819, and the second in 1821.

2. The exhibition of 1819 shall take place on the 25th of August and following days, in the Halls and Galleries of the Palace of the Louvre.

3. All the manufacturers and artisans established in France, who wish to contribute to this exhibition, are required to send in their names to the Secretariat-general of the Prefectures, and their respective Departments, at the period stated by the Minister Secretary of State for the Interior.

4. Each Prefect shall appoint a jury, consisting of five members, to decide on the admission or rejection of the articles presented to them.

5. A central jury, consisting of fifteen members, shall be appointed by the Minister Secretary of State for the Interior, to judge the products of industry. This jury shall point out the manufacturers who may deserve either prizes or honourable notice.

6. The prizes are to consist of gold, silver, or bronze medals, according to the degrees of merit.

7. A specimen of each of the products mentioned by the juries, must be deposited at the Conservatory of Arts and Manufactures, with a particular inscription, indicating the name of the manufacturer or artisan by whom it has been sent.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

MR. EDITOR, London, Feb. 3, 1819.

Perhaps some of your correspondents may be able to inform me, in what manner the Greeks glazed or enclosed their windows at the time the Temple of Erectheus was built. Your early insertion of this Query will much oblige, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

An admirer and constant reader of the Literary Gazette.

MAGIC LANTERNS.

SIR,

In the *Literary Gazette* of the 17th October last you favoured me by the insertion of a query respecting slides for Magic Lanterns, for an answer to which (in the following Number) I am indebted to C. W. I have, as he then recommended, referred to the article *Dioptries*, in *Encyc. Britt.* Vol. VI. in a note to which it is said, "There are, in the philosophical essays of M. Musschenbroek, different methods of performing various movements by some mechanical contrivances that are not difficult to execute." I lately obtained the work (as I thought) therein alluded to, the title of which is—"Petri van Musschenbroek Physicæ experimentales, et Geometricæ Dissertationes: ut et Ephemerides Meteorologicæ Ultrajectinæ. Lugduni Batavorum, apud Samuelem Luchtmans, MDCCLXXXIX.—(It formerly belonged to the late Bishop Horsley.)" In this book there is no mention at all of the above-mentioned contrivances. Perhaps C. W. or some other intelligent correspondent can favour me with the title, &c. of the work alluded to.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant, L. W.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

A hasty glance, like a hasty sketch, often stands in need of emendation, and we shall not be ashamed to retrace some of the cursory remarks which appeared in our preceding Number, upon the pictures in the British Gallery.

No. 13. China Menders. *D. Wilkie*, R.A. This we pronounced to be one of Mr. Wilkie's least fortunate pictures, but it is only in comparison with his own powers that we dare maintain this opinion. We lament to see any of such an artist's talents wasted on subjects of no higher reach than what belongs to most of the Flemish Masters. Mr. Wilkie's production has all the character which belongs to the scene and actors, and is at the same time a fine specimen of skill, and painted, if we may be permitted the expression, *in the face of*

day. It is indeed an experiment in this respect; nothing indebted to system, and the relief chiefly given by its local colour. The secondary light seen through the doorway into the garden, is beautifully managed; though upon the whole we still continue to think there is a little of monotony in the general tone, and a want of finish in some of the heads. We repeat again, that we hope Mr. W. will set a just estimate upon his time and talents, and employ them on subjects of greater interest and importance.

No. 190. *The Tired Model, a Study from Nature.* *James Ward*, R.A. We sincerely wish we could find, on a second examination, any circumstance to soften our dislike of this odious little Study. But it is so radically offensive, that we shall be sorry ever to see again such powers misapplied upon such a subject. The colouring of the nasty wretch's shoulder is exquisite, and the freedom of style throughout his half-compounded form admirable. Yet the picture should be removed; it is the opposite of a Family Piece.

No. 191. *Paterdale, at the head of Ullswater; Morning.* *T. C. Hopland*. Is a fine repose to the eye, when contrasted with its neighbour aforesaid. Taken by itself, it is clear and brilliant, and true to the effects intended: the execution, as is usual with this artist, is beautiful, without obtruding beyond its place.

No. 98. *Sheffield, Yorkshire.—The same.*

The moon rising in clouded majesty

Unveiled her peerless light.

This is a very sweet effect of mellow moon-light, and among the artist's happiest efforts.

No. 176. *The Fall of Babylon.* *J. Martin*. Our glance at this picture, obtained through a surrounding crowd, was too slight to enable us to do it entire justice. It certainly pertains to the sublime in art; and we are pleased to observe, that with the same grandeur of conception, this eminent artist has got rid of those prevailing blue tones in his back-grounds, which impressed a character of sameness upon his latter pictures. In the present work there is a simplicity displayed, and an immeasurable distance imagined, which cannot fail to strike every observer. These are fine qualities of art; but this, *the Fall of Babylon*, is a doing of mighty destruction: our preconceived ideas of the dreadful catastrophe, led us to expect almost the reverse of the perfect forms of buildings which Mr. Martin has chosen to represent. The more remote gigantic and spectral forms are better suited to the subject, and the fiery o'er-arching sky is grandly executed. In the fore-ground, where the court in all its splendid wretchedness, and the gardens in their full bloom, are painted, there seems a competition of gorgeous colouring between the flowers and trappings, which is, as we conceive, out of unison. But, altogether, we trust nothing we have said will convey a feeling that we look upon this otherwise than as a picture of the highest genius.

71. View on the River Yare; afternoon. *George Vincent.* The landscapes of this artist have nothing to distinguish them from those he exhibited last year. The largest (71) includes the same sort of excellence, and in the same manner: that is to say, a little Nature is made to serve a great deal of Art, or rather, when repeated so often, the artificial in art. It is very charming, but will not, like truth, bear that constant repetition without reminding us of the tinsel, and stamping the painter a mannerist, although his manner may be agreeable.—Nature is no niggard in variety, and art has only to choose and imitate such ornaments as suit best the purpose she has to accomplish.

73. Ploughing Scene at Enfield. *F. C. Lewis.* This scene comes recommended by its truth and simplicity; perhaps it would be improved by some positive colour in the objects on the foreground. The effect of light upon the broken earth is admirable.

82. 86. Dance at St. Cloud: The Boulevards, Paris. *J. J. Chalon.* Two very lively little pictures, which transport us to the French metropolis, and make us almost partakers in the vivacity of our gay neighbours' dance. The style of colouring is animated and brilliant, though rather dry.

(To be continued.)

The celebrated Canova is at present engaged in executing a monument to be placed in the Church of St. Peter at Rome, in conformity with the will of His Holiness Pius VI. The monument will represent the Pontiff on his knees, at prayers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[Literary Gazette.]

SYLLA.

Ambition!—Thou who art my god—
The universal god, however named—
Swell out my heart, and fill this seething brain
With cunning, and my limbs with strength; my heart
(But that it wants not) with stern bravery.
Once let me sit upon the loftiest throne
Of Rome—my mighty country!—Let my brows
Be shadow'd and adorned by glory, and my name
Feared like the pestilence, and my least smile
Courtied like morning sunbeams—Let me stand
A giant in my strength—a king (without
The baubles or poor name of royalty)
Upon the first place in the Capitol,
And fling my thunders 'round about the world
As Jove does from Olympus—Then I'll leave
My height, and like a god descending, walk
In quiet amongst men for ever.—Thus
Shall story mark me, and posterity
Wonder, and fear, and glorify.—So now
The trembling wretches of this little world
Shake as they see the Sun ride forth on clouds,
And, circled by the attendant elements, speak
Loud from his sulphurous canopy—Death to man—
Yet, when he touches in his westerling course
The skies, and bright and smiling sinks upon
His billowy bed—the world, recovering too,
Blesses, and smiles, and worships. — I will be
The Sun of Rome:—fierce in my hot meridian,
But noble in my setting. [W.]

A TRIBUTE

To the Memory of GEORGE HENRY HARLOW,
Esq. who died Thursday, Feb. 4th, 1819.

Who dares to smile, and say that he is blest?
'Tis not for mortals while they linger here:
Shall Earth's sad 'habitants dare talk of rest,
Or hope to taste it in this lower sphere?

One fleeting hour, perhaps, the heart may glow,
May taste a bliss it shall not know again.
It thrills with rapture for a moment—now
Again it throbs,—but 'tis the throb of pain.

Some fairy prospects open to our view
Amid the clouds which veil our mortal way,
While the same moment claims a sad adieu
To those we knew in earlier, happier day.

He sleeps in his cold grave—and oh! that thought
Shall many a proud and youthful heart appal;
He sleeps—and now the world for him hath
nought,
And those fair prospects—must the grave have
all?

He sleeps—but never shall his bright renown
Be buried with him in that mournful bier,
For ev'n pale Envy shall his merit own,
Nor rival Genius scorn to drop a tear.

Death, all insatiate, with unsparring hand
Sweeps youthful genius from the world away,
And all the deeds that worth and wisdom plann'd
Are flown, to mingle with eternal day—

While many unmeaning, moving heaps of clay,
All unacquainted or with smile or sigh,
Plod on through years their dull accustom'd way,
Unhonour'd live, and unregretted die.

Alas! how often hath a Mother smil'd,
As to her breast a blooming boy she draws;
Hath gaz'd delighted on a fav'rite child,
And thought him born to claim the world's
applause.

The world's applause hath mingled with his name,
Crown'd him with honours ev'n in youth's
fair bloom;
A Mother's tears have hail'd his rising fame,
Her next are shed over his untimely tomb!

Or some fond Sire hath told his youthful son
Of deeds of glory which the world hath seen,
Pray'd that his Boy may shine as these have
shone,
Tread in their course, and be what they have
been.

The Boy hath listen'd till his heart is fir'd,
Throbs in his breast, and pants for future fame;
He is but born to shine and be admir'd,
And leave the memory of a hero's name.

Oh! ye fond Parents, think what ye request!
Think for your children what a boon ye crave!
Hope not to see them tower above the rest,
For early talent meets an early grave.
Feb. 7, 1819. HELEN.

[By a Correspondent.]

EPIGRAM.

I scarce can blame thee, foolish Fly,
Vent'ring too near Elmira's eye,
For, giddy Fly, thou still delightest
To wanton where the beams are brightest,
And many a gaudy insect round
Doth court the death that thou hast found.

S. V.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

Second Series, No. II.

HALF PAY.

A SCENE IN ST JAMES'S PARK.

Peace being proclaimed, I became an idle man. For a time I was delighted with visiting my acquaintance and nominal friends. Novelty (for I had long been abroad) increased the pleasure which I experienced in viewing domestic objects; but a very little time rendered them uninteresting, and ennui soon obtained possession of me, blighted every prospect, and made me long once more for the tented field, the changing quarters, the uncertainty of military life, nay for its very dangers.

Sauntering down the Mall in Saint James's Park, and ruminating on the past, my thoughts took a successive glance at the past and present; for the past and present form the whole of our life. The past is full of regrets; the present, generally speaking, is unsatisfactory in some shape or other; the future (which is the third and last state of man) is always fearfully obscure, and awfully beyond our reach.

Looking on the right and on the left, I espied a number of military men. The blue ornamented great coat, black silk kerchief round the neck, fixed spur, and dowlas trowsers, announced the dismounted dragoon, (for although the collegian, the puppy, the counter coxcomb, and the sharper, occasionally ape this dress, the dragoon is discernible to a military eye.) The grey surtout and pantaloons, less easy air, and less affected style, showed the infantry officer, reduced, like the former, on half-pay, with Wellingtons unspurred. Both had issued from first floors in Suffolk Street, back rooms about the Adelphi and Strand, or hiding places in the suburbs, "Wandering along, not knowing what they sought, "And whistling as they went for want of thought."

I could easily distinguish the different nations amongst my reduced (not reformed—that is a foreign word, and very foreign to the purpose,) brethren in arms. The Englishman appeared resigned, though not quite satisfied. The Irishman looked doubtful and abroad; he was boxing the compass at every movement, hoping that a favourable breeze might spring up and bring a prize in

some shape, and above all, he was erecting his crest, throwing forward his broad chest, setting off his well-proportioned shoulders, and viewing his sinewy legs, as much as to say, "See my proportions! what rich maid, frail wife, or easy widow, will fancy me?" The Scotchman seemed to bend to circumstances, to stoop to his fate, to throw off the soldier, and to assume the citizen and civilian: he looked as if a *guid* story, an act of politeness, a happy hit, or some unforeseen fortune might ameliorate his lot. He felt that, in war, and in his accounts with mankind, he stood square and unimpeached; and he waited for the turn of fortune's wheel in his favour; poor but proud, humble but above those degrading shifts of existence by which many bright and brave men from other countries are ruined. Sandy is aye discreet, moderate, calculating, and cool.

Whilst all this run in my head, and whilst I was contemplating the round blue-eyed, fair haired, independent head of paid-off John Bull,—the fine aquiline nose, sharp forehead, fiery eye, projecting lip, dark hair, changeful and jealous expression, and somewhat mutinous countenance of half-pay brother Pat,—and the cold, white, high-cheek-boned, grey eyed, yet courteous, seemingly face of cautious Donald or Sandy, placed on the reduced establishment, or (involuntarily) retired list, a scene interesting to my feelings casually took place. I beheld a military man (evidently such, though in coloured clothes) sitting on a bench,—his back against one arm of it, and his feet extended on the seat, seemingly expressing—"Here I am: I am put on half pay: I come here for some hours in the day, I ruminate on past dangers and on past glory, I frame memorials in my head, which either end in nothing, or, if sent, serve to light the ministers' tapers; I will take a pinch of snuff or a bottle of wine with any body, or I will amuse an old maid or an idler by recounting, like Othello, the perils which I have braved; and if nothing like this occurs, I shall retire at five to a cheap eating-house, take a pint of malt liquor, and read over a dozen newspapers, ere I retreat to my humble lodging to write dozens of letters on speculation, and to go early to bed." Such are the Scotsman's habits: they are simple, honest, sober, and not dangerous to himself or to society.

In front of this tall, thin, recumbent figure, was a fine looking Scottish soldier. Such I knew him to be by his physiognomy and by his accent. He

wore his uniform, but had a round hat on his head, and a thick stick under his arm. These are invariable marks of discharge, and of bending the weary way homewards.

The officer pulled out a thin pocket-book, and, taking out a two pound note from it, he worked it about in his hands as if he fain would have increased its weight, or as if its lightness vexed him. He looked thrice at it, as on a departing friend, then rumbled it, and at last put it into the soldier's hand, and, heaving a sigh, said—"Chairlie, I wish ye weel; tak care o' yoursel; there's what I owe ye; and I wish, man, that it were mair." The soldier held back. His half extended hand dropped as it tried to take the note. He hung his head, played with his fingers as if unwilling to receive it, and at length he took it gently, handled it as if it were not his, eyed it, frowned upon it, and at last slowly put it in his pocket.

"Many thanks to ye, Sir," cried he, and still remained immovable. "Ye're o'er guid," answered he, after a long pause. "Thanks to *you*," replied the officer, with a faltering voice. "Heaven bless ye," faintly articulated the soldier. He still stood, put his hand in his pocket, as if to return the money, sighed, shook his head. "Fare ye weel, Chairlie," was hastily pronounced again. Chairlie was motionless. "Gang awa, mun, now," cried the officer. Chairlie put his hand to his hat as if it had been a cap, stood in a fine soldierly attitude, faced, wept, and slowly paced off—"Chairlie," cried the officer. He returned. "Guid luck to ye." He extended his hand to him. The man seized it eagerly, and went proudly, tearfully, and regretfully away.

I now understood what had passed: 'twas an officer bidding his last farewell to a faithful soldier. During the "pomp and circumstance of war," discipline forbade familiarity; but at a last parting, nature was commanding officer, and pride obeyed. Esteem drew the two brethren in arms nearer together; and sympathy would not permit the superior to part with his humble deserving comrade, without this last token of well-earned affection.

Curiosity induced me to follow the soldier, and to fall into conversation with him. "You seem affected at parting with your officer," said I to the private. "'Tis the blackest day o' my life," replied he. "A' the dangers, and hunger, and cauld, and hard fighting, was naething to this; he was a right guid officer, as kind a maister as ever lived,

and as brave a man as ever marched. Seven years we shared the same fate together, slept sometimes in the same bed, that is, on our mither earth, and Heeven for a' our curtain; and now to think that his honour cannae afford to keep a man, (here he passed his hand over his eyes) and that we maun part! D—n the peace! I wish Boney were let loose again! I believe it was his last note that he gae me; would I had ne'er seen it! I wad serve him for naething, by day and by night, gin he wad keep me. But then he's o'er prood for that; and I darena affront him. Deel tak the peace, though I did get a bit of a wound in battle."

The man's fidelity so pleased me, that I offered him a shilling to drink; I was ashamed of it afterwards, although my motive was good at the time; for Chairlie was so full of love for his master, and of soldierly pride, that there was no room in his heart for any other feeling, no place in his mind for the intrusion even of interest. "Thanks to you, Sir," said he; "I dinna want; but I wish my maister were better off; there's an unco difference between him and me." Here he shed tears abundantly; and as I could not relieve him in any way, I wished him well and left him.

I returned down the Mall again, the Scottish officer was there, attempting to whistle, and to beat time on his boot, but there was no mirth in his tune. He struck his boot not sportively, but out of temper, and sorrow was fully depicted in every line of his features.

Such was the story told me, by my distant relation Captain S—. Its nature affected me, and I thought it worthy of a place in the portfolio of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

BIOGRAPHY.

DR. JOHN WOLCOTT:

(PETER PINDAR.)

There is no part of our literary labours in which we find it so difficult to perform what may be satisfactory to our own minds and worthy of our readers, as that which embraces the biography of departed contemporaries, whose talents entitle them to a record more distinguished than the bare obituary allotted to common men. To avoid barrenness on the one hand, and misrepresentation on the other; to be able to note the leading features in lives generally retired, without permitting them to be distorted by the partialities of near observers; to omit nothing deserving of preservation, and to set down nothing con-

trary to truth; to execute, in fine, that sort of memoir to which alone any value can be attached;

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice,"

is indeed at all times a task of difficulty amounting almost to impossibility, and never more impracticable than at the moment when death has overthrown sincerity and fact into the flood of sympathies which attend the grave of genius. Few and wicked are the enemies which pass this bourne, and the reaction of humanity is so strong, that of those of whom during their existence it was hopeless to hear any good, it is equally hopeless after their last sigh is breathed to hear any evil. Death is the Moral Sun of Man: even his dark spots grow bright in the effulgence of its beams, and all that was misshapen and gloomy in his mortal present, assumes the forms of beauty, and glows and reddens into glory for posterity.

Endeavouring, to the best of our information, to steer clear of the prejudices which beset the immediate Biographer, and to arrive at truth through candour and honesty, we proceed to offer a slight sketch of the life of the celebrated person whose name and greater *Alias* stand at the head of this essay.

John Wolcott was born at Dadbrook in Devonshire, in the year 1737. His parents were respectable, but not in affluent circumstances. Their son was, however, educated at the Grammar School of the neighbouring town of Kingsbridge; and if we may judge by his proficiency in those branches which are usually taught in a country school, his instructor must have been a man of considerable abilities. The knowledge of Latin and Greek which he acquired, though not profound, was extensive; and his classical attainments were altogether of a respectable order, storing his mind, and, when necessary, enriching his productions.

From Kingsbridge he was sent to France, and remained in that country about a year to complete his studies. On his return he was taken apprentice for seven years by an unmarried uncle, who practised as a Surgeon and Apothecary at Fowey in Cornwall.

There are few situations more auspicious to the cultivation of a literary disposition than that of a young compounder of galeonics in the laboratory of a provincial practitioner. Between whiles, when the pestle ceases to ring, there is abundance of idle time; and the direction of the mind being bent towards study, it is diverted by the most facile movement, from anatomy to the belles lettres, or from medicine to the Muses. Indeed it is more rare to meet a student of physic without than with a bias for polite literature.

It is not surprising therefore that such a youth as John Wolcott should devote every hour of relaxation, while under his uncle's charge, to the pursuit of those inquiries so congenial to his feelings and strong natural powers; that he should seek in delight-

ful intercourse with the sages of ancient lore, with poetry, and with painting, for enjoyments which were denied to his graver occupations. Such was the case. From his early years he cherished a taste for the sister accomplishments of drawing and poetical composition. The pencil and the pen divided his leisure hours. With the former, he beguiled the native landscapes of Cornwall of their sweetest features; and with the latter, amused his friends, and acquired that ease and mastery of language which led to his subsequent fame. His studies from nature in painting are stated to have been done in a free and bold style; displaying a thorough conception of what is great in the art. With the performances of his muse, the public are better acquainted; and we shall revert to them after noticing a few of the chief incidents of his more active life.

On the expiration of his apprenticeship, Wolcott, as is customary, came to London, where he continued his medical studies in the hospitals, and under the direction of the ablest Professors and Lecturers of that day. In 1766 Sir William Trelawney, a friend and distant relation of his family, was appointed governor of Jamaica, and in the following season he carried out with him our subject (now in his 30th year) as his physician. The brief memoir prefixed to Pindar's work alleges that the author obtained his degree of M.D. on his return from Jamaica; but the fact, more agreeable to truth, is that it was conferred upon him by a Northern University previous to his leaving England, and after he had undergone the necessary examination by the well-known Dr. Huxham of Plymouth. Soon after his arrival in Jamaica, Dr. Wolcott was nominated by his patron Physician-general of the Island; but it does not appear that this sonorous title was accompanied by a corresponding revenue, nor that his private practice as a physician was of a lucrative kind. This accounts for his experiencing a call, or in other words, turning his attention to the church. The illness of the Rector of St. Anne's seems to have been the proximate cause of the Doctor's inclination towards divinity: the living was rich, and Sir William Trelawney was equally willing to promote his interests in the cure of souls as of bodies. It has been said that the Bishop of London, however, disappointed all his expectations in this line, by refusing him ordination; while, on the contrary, he actually took orders (not without meeting an opposition, which, to have been entirely praiseworthy, ought to have been too strenuous to be surmounted) and returned to Jamaica, where lo! he found the Incumbent of St. Anne's restored to health, and where, soon after, his friend the Governor died, having been able to do nothing more for our medical-clerk than give him the living of Vere, in which he placed a curate, residing himself at the Government House in Spanish Town.

Of the unfitness of Wolcott for a Christian ministry there can be but one opinion.

He was a man addicted to profanation, and prone either in conversation or in writing to bring the most holy things into ridicule. To the 2d canto of the *Lousiad* there is most irreverently prefixed the sacred passage, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end." In "Peter's Pension" his taste for music is recorded in a defence of Sabbath fiddling, which, to say the least of it, would not have been becoming in a clergyman. He is addressing our good, exemplary, and moral King:—

I dare refuse you for another reason—

We differ in religion, Sir, a deal;
You fancy it a sin allied to treason,
And vastly dangerous to the commonweal,
For subjects, minnets and jigs to play
On the Lord's day.

Now, Sir, I'm very fond of fiddling;
And in my morals, what the world calls *middling*;
I've ask'd of Conscience, who came straight from Heaven,

Whether I stood a chance to be forgiven,
If on a Sunday, from all scruples free,
I scrap'd the old Black Joke and Chère Amie?

"Poh! Blockhead" (answered Conscience)

"Know,
God never against music made a rule;
On Sundays you may safely take your bow—
And play as well the fiddle as the fool."

If such were the written sentiments of this *Liberal*, it can scarcely be imagined that his viva voce morality was more german to the character of a Christian teacher. On the contrary, his conversation was stained with the vulgarity of frequent oaths, and he spoke not only lightly but contemptuously of religion. One or two anecdotes may illustrate this. During the short period of his officiating at Vere, he used jocularly to say that he offered up prayers to the *Holy Trinity* in the morning, and amused himself by shooting at the *Holy Ghost* in the afternoon.

Another expression, more shocking to Christian ears, was oftener than once uttered by him in moments of hilarity: he would exclaim, "I could spit in the face of God Almighty, for inventing death; it is such a d—d bore upon a man's life." The person who could use this daring and disgusting language, would not be very guarded in his remarks upon any of what may be thought the erroneous observances of devotion. We have heard one of his remarks on the Scourging of our Saviour, as performed in one of the Sacred Mysteries in a Roman Catholic country, which is too gross for us to repeat. We have given enough of examples to prove his unworthiness of ordination:

"From such apostles, Oh ye mitred heads
Protect the church!"

There being nothing apostolic in the Doctor's clerical devotedness, the events we have spoken of in Jamaica restored him to the arms of Esculapius. On the decease of Trelawney he returned home, and established himself as a physician at Truro. A legacy of about 2000*l.* bequeathed

* Wood-pigeons, so called in the West Indies.

to him by his uncle and old master, and the profits of his profession, might have enabled him to journey on easily and agreeably. But neither his ideas nor habits were of a kind calculated to give rest to their owner. His satires, now becoming very frequent and notorious, procured him many enemies. Those who smarted under their bitter ridicule, did not forget the injury, and those who laughed at them, rather dreaded than esteemed the writer. The two-edged sword often wounded him who wielded it, while he imagined he was only cutting others. To crown the blessedness of this state of warfare, he became involved in a parish lawsuit about an apprentice, and it may well be supposed that trouble and annoyance, as well as pecuniary loss, were the consequences.

The most memorable circumstance connected with his history at this period, is his having discovered the genius of young Opie, while labouring, as it is said, in a saw-pit, and his bringing that admirable artist forward to the notice of the world. At first he employed his humble protégé in menial offices, but his shining talents burst these bounds, and the public acknowledged a painter of the highest order in the late servile Opie.

It is asserted, that the hostility of Dr. Wolcott to the King had its foundation in some slight which was offered, or supposed to be offered, by his Majesty, to his friend; and the rancour with which he revenged this affront for many years, was fed by the accessory that dropt into its alliance in the shape of profit and emolument from the sale of works addressed to the abuse of royalty—at that period a practice of greater novelty and rarity than it has since been. But however this matter may be, the Doctor himself not long after quarrelled with Opie, and from being his loudest panegyrist, became his most furious accuser. Such was his temper, that few or none of his friendships survived many years. Like Dr. Johnson, he was impatient of contradiction, and seldom if ever forgave any one who offended him. From those who courted his favour, he expected the deference and submission of an eastern monarch, which not being paid, like an eastern despot he would doom the guilty and all his family and friends to everlasting persecution. When he broke with Opie, he took Mr. Paye an artist of much promise, under his protection, lodged in his house, advised, and praised him in public. But Paye never rose to be a rival to the discarded Opie, and the connexion between him and Pindar was also soon dissolved by a rupture. A few anecdotes connected with this part of our subject may be acceptable.

(To be continued.)

THE DRAMA.

EVADNE; or THE STATUE.—Time has been that a new Tragedy set all the literati of London in motion; to critics by profession and amateur critics it was an epoch; it was the talk of every circle at the mo-

ment, and, ultimately, judged not only by the town upon the stage, but by the wits of the age in the closet. Either tragedy or the public have changed much. Either we have lost our taste and admiration for the drama, or the drama has sunk to a lower level than it formerly occupied. A new tragedy now comes out something like a new corset, and the play-maker and the mantua-maker make nearly equal noise, and, if successful, gain nearly equal profit and equal reputation. This state of things is a sore affliction to men of literary talent; but the truth, we fear, is, that until some alteration is made in the system, or some transcendent genius appears to raise the general character of dramatic writing and of the stage, we must plod on in the old humble way, contented with a few days fame for the best modern piece that is produced, or, at most, with being bruited into six weeks immortality by play-bills and newspapers.

Evadne is greatly altered from the *Traitor* of Shirley, in plot and in language; but still there is a considerable resemblance to the original in both. Lorenzo, the traitor to the Duke of Florence, is here Ludovico, (Mr. Macready) traitor to the King of Naples. Sciarra, the high-spirited noble, jealous of his family's honour, is here preserved in Colonna (Mr. Young,) and Amidea, his sister, the object of the Duke's guilty passion, in *Evadne* (Miss O'Neill.) Pisano, is Vicentio (Mr. C. Kemble,) the favoured lover of the heroine; and Oriana is Olivia (Mrs. Fawcett,) but without the double desertion of lovers, there being no Cosmo in the new play. Instead of the death of *Evadne*, of the Duke, of the brother, and of the traitor, as in *Shirley*, Mr. Sheil has conducted his personages to a fortunate conclusion, Ludovico alone being slain. Instead of the fine Italian plot being carried on even after the almost complete detection of the traitor, and a second and more fearful catastrophe built on that foundation, the play terminates as we have stated, with the loss of life on that discovery, which closes only *Shirley's* 3d act; and what the Author has thought fit to borrow from the two last, he has interwoven with the preceding parts.

In this adaptation there is considerable skill evinced, especially with respect to stage situations. Of these there are several very fine and effective; and indeed this is either Mr. Sheil's forte, or he is much obliged to the performers for suggesting these audience-catching contrivances. The style is, with a few exceptions, suitable and elevated, though the introduction of a multitude of words and lines belonging to an earlier age, imparts to it a sort of patch-work character, and as the sentiments are similarly mixed, the general impression is a sort of uncertainty whether what we have seen and heard may be deemed *Shirley's* or *Sheil's*. The ear and the sense are continually recognizing ancient acquaintances, and the phrase of meeting an old friend with a new face, seems to be dramatized in *Evadne*. The

master force of *Shirley* is, however, wanting throughout. He has not been strengthened, though he may have been refined in being modernized.

Of the actors we have little to say, but that no author could complain of their not doing him the utmost justice. *Evadne* afforded Miss O'Neill several opportunities for the exhibition of her great excellence in the portraiture of distracted tenderness. Where she endeavours to divert her brother's suspicions from her lover; and where she meets the latter, after being informed that he is to marry another, (though her prolonged prayers in this scene are most poetically tedious and out of place;) she was peculiarly happy. There were also parts in her scene when she works contrition in the heart of the King, and especially her appeal to and refuge with her father's statue, which produced great interest; though the scene is, upon the whole, far from being fortunate. We have to travel through the genealogical history of too many marble ancestors to arrive at the grand coup, and, putting statues for pictures, tragedy for comedy, and a dagger for a hammer, it was Charles Surface selling the portraits over again. Mr. Young was very fine in his part. His blunt admonitions, his jealousy of honour, his rage at imputed or fancied indignity, his vengeance, and relenting misgivings, were all admirably delineated. It is a perfect conception of character, embodied in a spirited and discriminating execution. Our readers know how high Mr. Macready stands in our estimation: as Ludovico he moulted no feather in his cap. The fierce and terrible have in him their most energetic representative; but we cannot say we are satisfied that he did not overact the traitor. His malignity and remorselessness were true to the darkest drawing of the elder poet, but we thought his fawning or sycophancy too notorious. It was what must have awakened suspicion in confiding minds, and must have done more in those who misdoubted and accused him. The part is that of a Machiavel, and we must have in it finesse as delicate as resolution firm and desperate. In the places where an opportunity was offered, Mr. Charles Kemble displayed his accustomed talent; and Mr. Abbott acquitted himself with that ability he so often employs to render secondary, feeble, or disagreeable characters effective on the stage, instead of taking their natural station among the ranks of mediocrity, or in the shades of obscurity. We cannot overvalue a performer who imparts so much of the vraisemblable to what, in less skilful hands, would mar the whole effect of the drama, more easily sustained in the top than in the middle drawing. Mrs. Fawcett was respectable. She had the clumsiest job in the play to perform, that of changing a miniature, to confirm the jealousy of Vicentio, and she did it like an adept. Olivia's depraved conduct seems to have no sufficient motive. She also spoke a tolerable epilogue tolerably:—and a prosaic prologue was delivered with due prosingness by Mr. Connor.

The play was received with unmixed applause, and deserved this sort of success. The grand criterion of tragic excellence was, however, against it—it did not draw a single tear.*

* Some of our readers may be pleased with a short note, to say that Shirley, of whom very little is known, may be accounted the last of the Shaksperian age of dramatists. He was born in London, in 1594, educated at Merchant Taylors' school, and Oxford. Was successively an English Divine, a Roman Catholic schoolmaster, and the author of thirty-nine plays, from 1629 to 1660. The Duke of Newcastle was his patron, and him he followed in the royal cause till it was lost, and he retired to obscurity in the metropolis. During the fanatical shutting up of the theatres, Shirley, better off than most of his companions connected with the stage, returned to his old trade of teacher, and educated (as Ellis tells us) many eminent men. He died in 1660, on the same day with his second wife, both, according to report, frightened to death by the great fire. He published a volume of poems in 1646. A new edition of Shirley is on the eve of publication, and that it will be of the most interesting kind will be anticipated when we say that its editor is Mr. William Gifford.

Madame Mainville Fodor is expected shortly to take the lead in the Opera-Buffa at Paris. She has recently been performing at the theatre *Feuice* at Venice. The *Venice Gazette* mentions her in the following complimentary terms:

"We are highly pleased with Madame Fodor. The accounts we received of her singing, from those who had heard her in Paris, are far below what she deserves."

Crivelli is also to appear at the Opera-Italian at Paris. He has excited enthusiastic admiration, at Milan, in Mozart's *Cle-menza di Tito*.

VARIETIES

THE PEARL FISHERY OF PANAMA.

The isthmus which forms the boundary between North and South America might, in the possession of an enterprising nation, be rendered a fertile source of prosperity. It would only be necessary to cut a canal to connect the two seas, and to build a city at each of its mouths, which might become the central points of extensive trade.

At the extremity of the Bay of Panama is an archipelago, consisting of 43 islands; between the islands of El Rey and Tobago, the sea is perfectly calm, and near the coast lies a considerable bank of pearly oysters.

These oysters produce pearls of a large size, though in point of regularity and beauty they are inferior to those of India.

All the inhabitants of Panama and its vicinity who are in easy circumstances, keep negroes, who dive to procure pearls for their masters. They are dispatched to the islands, where tents and boats are kept in readiness. Eighteen or twenty of these poor negroes, who are excellent swimmers, and who possess the power of holding in their breath for a considerable time, are under the control of an overseer. They

swim about under water until they find a bank of oysters, where the sea is not more than ten, twelve, or fifteen fathoms deep. The negroes then ascend to the boat and cast anchor. They tie round their waists a rope, one end of which is fastened to the boat, and jump into the sea, taking a small weight to enable them to descend the more expeditiously. On reaching the bottom, the diver seizes an oyster, which he places under his left arm, another in his right hand, a third under his right arm, a fourth in his right hand, another in his mouth. He then ascends to take breath, and to deposit the oysters in a little bag in the boat. As soon as he has recovered himself, he dives a second time, and so on until he is tired, or has fished a sufficient number of oysters.

Each of these negro divers must supply his master with a certain number of pearls daily. When the negro has fished as many oysters as he thinks sufficient, he opens them in the presence of the overseer, and delivers to him the pearls, whether small or large, perfect or imperfect, until he has completed the number due to his master; the remainder are the property of the negro, who usually sells them to his master.

Besides the labour and fatigue which the negroes experience in detaching the oysters from the bottom of the sea, where they are frequently fixed between rocks and stones, they encounter great danger from the *tabourones*, or *tintoressos*, monstrous fish, by which they are sometimes devoured, and likewise from the *mantas*, huge rays which seize the divers so forcibly that they stifle them, or by falling upon them with all their weight, crush them at the bottom of the sea.

For this reason, the diver is usually armed with a pointed knife. If, when the water is clear, the negro overseer, who remains in the boat, should perceive any of these fish, he warns the diver, and sometimes goes to his assistance.

Notwithstanding these precautions, the divers sometimes lose their lives, and frequently return with the loss of an arm or a leg.

EARTHQUAKE.—On the 8th of January, several violent shocks of an earthquake were felt at Genoa. Many of the inhabitants quitted their dwellings, and fled into the country. The direction of the shocks was from Port Maurice to Saint Romi. Nothing of the kind was felt either at Nice or Alassio. In the two former towns the damage was very considerable. From the great agitation of the vessels, it would appear that the shocks were far more violent in the sea than elsewhere.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.—It appears that a new fragment of the *Fasti Consulares* has been discovered at Rome, in the vicinity of the Temple of Castor and Pollux. The principal part of this new monument consists of seventeen lines. They relate to the second punic war, and contain some important information which may probably throw new light on that sanguinary period.

EASTERN LITERATURE.—The Emperor of Russia has presented to the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, a very curious collection of Arabic, Persian, and Turkish manuscripts, which he commissioned M. Rousseau, the French Consul at Bagdad, to purchase for him.

M. M. Tremange and Charmoy, pupils of Baron Sylvestre de Sacy, are at present at the head of the Arabic class of the Pedagogic Institute of St. Petersburg.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A new edition will appear next week of the entertaining Letters of HORACE WALPOLE to GEORGE MONTAGUE, Esq. In this new edition the real names of the various distinguished characters alluded to are restored.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

FEBRUARY.

Thursday, 4.—Thermometer from 31 to 43. Barometer from 29, 72 to 29, 93. Wind WbS. 1.—Generally cloudy. Rain fallen, 125 of an inch.
Friday, 5.—Thermometer from 29 to 48. Barometer from 29, 92 to 29, 83. Wind SE. $\frac{1}{2}$.—The whole day cloudy, with a misting rain generally.
Saturday, 6.—Thermometer from 33 to 49. Barometer from 29, 88 to 29, 80. Wind SW. 1.—Generally cloudy from about ten. Sunshine pleasant most of the day. About six in the evening a large halo formed round the moon.—Rain fallen, 125 of an inch.
Sunday, 7.—Thermometer from 34 to 48. Barometer from 29, 70 to 29, 72. Wind SW. 1.—Clouds continually passing, but generally clear. A slight parhelion formed eastward of the sun about one o'clock. Rain fallen, 15 of an inch.
Monday, 8.—Thermometer from 33 to 47. Barometer from 30, 00 to 30, 19. Wind SW. and NW. $\frac{1}{2}$.—The morning clear; the rest of the day generally cloudy. About 7 in the evening a fine coloured double discoid burr was formed; soon after which a strong halo was formed, which measured 46° in diameter.
Tuesday, 9.—Thermometer from 30 to 50. Barometer from 30, 12 to 30, 04. Wind SbW. 2.—A gloomy day; generally misting and cloudy.
Wednesday, 10.—Thermometer from 45 to 48. Barometer from 29, 88 to 30, 18. Wind SW. 2. and EbS. 1.—Clouds generally passing, with pleasant sunshine most of the day. Rain fallen, 25 of an inch.
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

K. V. Is put among our Correspondents' favours for future insertion, though we find some difficulty in deciphering his MS.

L. L.'s communication would fill more than one half of our Number. He gives us *ells* of it indeed, as if the Literary Gazette were edited by the Board of Longitude. Musus' 'Stanzas on a Keepsake' will do well to wrap up the treasure he sings, and then he can keep both together.

A Friend is mistaken—there never was a party or personal feeling of hostility in our pages. We state candidly but honestly what we think, and those we praise the most, and those we (unwillingly) censure, are generally alike unknown to us.

Miscellaneous Advertisement, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

British Gallery, Pall Mall.

THIS GALLERY, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of modern Artists, is open every day from ten in the Morning till five in the Afternoon.
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